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MR. WILDOATES HEARTYCHEER, <i>his Son, a Flighty young Gentleman</i>	Mr. PARSELLE.
GAITERS, <i>Valet to Mr. Wildoates Heartycheer, a cool gentleman</i>	Mr. J. CLARKE.
MISS THISTLEDOWN, <i>a Romantic young Lady, with a song, called Love's Sweet Summer</i>	Miss M. OLIVER.
*MAGGY MACFARLINE, <i>a Newhaven Fish Wife, with the popular Scotch ballad, Caller Herring</i>	Miss M. OLIVER.

SCENE.—England and the Highlands of Scotland.

TIME.—Present.

* A perfect knowledge of the Scotch accent is not essential for the representation of the fish wife—a slight intonation of certain familiar words (marked in the part), is all that is requisite on *this* side of the Tweed.



COSTUMES.

SIR HICCORY HEARTYCHEER.—Blue body coat, with velvet collar and gilt buttons, buff waistcoat, light grey trousers, white neckcloth, and small frill, bald grey wig, and small whiskers. *2nd dress.*—An eccentric plaid suit, kilt, soldier's jacket, and plaid sporan, claymore, and bag pipes, very long grey beard and moustachios, long wild grey wig, black patch over left eye, no bonnet—first wig worn under the disguise.

WILDOATES.—A modern travelling suit of drab tweed, white broad-brimmed felt hat. *2nd dress.*—A handsome modern deer-stalking suit, small pattern grey kilt, black cloth jacket, with silver buttons, sporan, grey stockings, high heather-toed shoes, Glengarry bonnet, dirk, cross belt, with silver ornaments, grey plaid fastened with a silver brooch with cairn-gorum.

GAITERS.—A very smart valet's short-tailed claret coloured jacket, with livery buttons, white trousers, patent polished pumps with bows, fancy summer waistcoat, white neckcloth, plain black hat with an officer's cockade—hair dressed with great care. *2nd dress.*—An eccentric plaid suit, short kilt, broad checked stockings, black velvet jacket, large plaid, sporan, and large shoes, face pale, and hair in confusion, with a large Kilmarnock bonnet stuck at the back of his head. *3rd dress.*—A scanty plaid gown, a cotton jacket, an o'd woman's plaid cloak with a hood, covering a mutch, with broad frills, face made very old and ugly.

Miss THISTLEDOWN.—Elegant carriage dress, with fashionable bonnet. *2nd dress.*—A light blue petticoat, over which a striped petticoat tucked up all round, plaid apron also tucked up, white cap, with a gay coloured handkerchief tied over it, blue stockings, and patent leather shoes, a modern creel (with a back), in which are herrings. *3rd dress.*—Full evening dress of pink silk, hair dressed, without bonnet.

BONNIE FISH WIFE.



SCENE I.—*A Handsome Chamber, with pictures on the wall.*
(*2nd Grooves.*)

Enter SIR HICCORY HEARTYCHEER, R., *looking at his watch.*

HEARTY. The 10.30 express must have come in an hour ago, and no news of Wildoates! Really, the disrespect with which we poor old governors are treated by our sons, is abominable! In my young days, I'd as soon have thought of keeping the king waiting as my father; but the railroads and free trade have overturned all the good old fashions. (*knock and ring without, L.*) Ah, there he is at last! My dear boy—(*going, L., and seizing the hand of*

GAITERS, *who enters.*

Eh? Zounds! who the devil are you?

GAITERS. Gaiters, sir. (*bowing eccentrically.*) Mr. Wildoates' gentleman, sir; he sent me on by the express, to see his dressing room made comfortable, and to inform you that, in obedience to the command conveyed in your letter of the 30th ultimo, he lost no time in leaving Florence, and hastening to London. He travels by the 7.20 mixed. (*looking at his watch.*) He is therefore due—accidents excepted—in three minutes and a half, London time. (*bows.*)

HEARTY. (*returning the bow.*) Thank you, sir. (*aside*) To judge by the man, the master must have become a pretty considerable puppy! Have you been long in my son's service, Mr.—

GAITERS. (*bowing.*) Gaiters, sir. (SIR HICCORY *gravely returns bow.*) I took office in Paris, at the beginning of last year.

HEARTY. (*aside, looking at him with astonishment.*) Took office! Oh, dear!

GAITERS. Mr. Wildoates was without a gentleman, owing to the individual who accompanied him from England having been indiscreet enough to qualify himself for the galleys, by giving way to a monomaniacal impulse in regard to the appropriation of a set of diamond shirt studs. Lord Peterwhacky, my then principal, took pity on my present patron's forlorn condition, and spared me to him, an immense sacrifice, for which, Mr. Wildoates professes himself grateful. (*bows, and turns up and examines pictures with eye glass.*)

HEARTY. Ah! (*returning bow, aside.*) "Principal—patron—sacrifice." Oh lord, oh lord! what will the world be a hundred years hence? I've no doubt this gentleman is so thoroughly dignified and independent, he would resign his keys on the slightest hint of cold mutton, or an infringement of his perquisites. Your master—I beg pardon, your principal very gay at Florence, Mr.—

GAITERS. (*bowing.*) Gaiters, sir. (*SIR HICCORY returns bow.*) To say the truth, we were very *triste* there—very *triste*, indeed! Opera, very second rate, the ballet, execrable, the heat intolerable, the malaria alarming!

HEARTY. Ah! indeed!

GAITERS. We were pretty comfortable at Vienna—so we were at Baden, and Berlin—Milan was dullish.

HEARTY. I'm sorry for that!

GAITERS. Madrid respectable, Cadiz so-so, Gibraltar jolly very jolly; a little too drunk, but cheerful, very cheerful.

HEARTY. Ah, I'm glad to hear that!

GAITERS. Granada, but for the Alhambra, dismal to the last degree. No, sir, Paris was our paradise! in fact, we were so much in love with it, that we had serious thoughts of finishing there.

HEARTY. Finishing there? I don't understand.

GAITERS. *Pere la Chaise*, sir. Charming place, sir, beats the Campo Santo, at Naples, and our Kensal, by chalks.

HEARTY. Ah—plenty of gaiety, and plenty of ladies—eh, Mr. Gaiters?

GAITERS. A few, sir—*cela va sans dire*, but nothing serious.

HEARTY. Oh, nothing serious!

GAITERS. No; we flirt, of course—that is expected of us; but we are not marrying men.

HEARTY. Ah! you are not marrying men?

GAITERS. (*foppishly.*) No, no; we're too wide awake for that.

HEARTY. (*aside.*) Oh lord, oh lord—the world's turning topsy turvy—I can feel it shake. (*a knock and ring.*)

GAITERS. Mr. Wildoats, sir, excuse me, I must attend to our little arrangements.

Makes a series of eccentric bows, and exits L.

HEARTY. Well, of all the puppies! I'm beginning to get very nervous about my boy. I'm afraid his tour on the continent has given him ideas that will interfere with *my* little arrangements—the obedient, pliable boy, may have returned a self-willed, impracticable man, in which case I—

WILDOATES. (*without, L.*) Well, Mary, my little rosebud, how do you do? as pretty as ever! Jane, you darling, I must have a kiss. (*a scuffle without.*)

HEARTY. Kissing the housemaids to begin with—he wouldn't have done that when he went away.

WILDOATES. (*without, L.*) Hollo, Popkins, old fellow, how are you? governor in the library? all right.

Enter WILDOATES, L.

My dear father, how are you? looking as rosy and as hearty—(*slapping him on the back.*) Chest all right—toes all right—head all right—digestion all right? (*cordially shaking both his hands.*) Glad to see you again, sir. Dear dad, quite well? Dear sir, quite well?

HEARTY. Hearty, hearty, lad, hearty as a buck—you're looking well, too—rather thinnish, though—raking, you rogue, raking—late hours—champagne suppers, eh? eh? you wild rascal?

WILD. Oh, no, sir—study—hard study—always at my books, reading up for a degree. I'm already a Licentiate of Padua, Doctor of Divinity at Berlin, Bachelor of Metaphysics at Paris—

HEARTY. And Master of Arts all over the continent. I've heard of you, you gay young dog. Well, well, youth will have its fling. (*aside, joyously.*) I've had mine. You've come safely through the fire, and have, I hope, learned wisdom. Now, can you guess why I sent for you in such a hurry?

WILD. Haven't the scintillation of a suspicion. The moment I received your letter, as in duty bound, I obeyed it on the instant—called for my rascal, told him to pack up my port-manteau, threw myself there and then into the train, travelled day and night, and here I am, like a dutiful son, to receive your commands.

HEARTY. (*shaking hands.*) That's right, that's right, my own good, affectionate boy. I confess I had a few misgivings about you just now. Your puppy of a servant led me to expect a travelled coxcomb; but I am most agreeably mistaken; you are still the same simple-minded, obedient boy you were before you started.

WILD. Yes, sir—yes, sir. (*aside.*) What's in the wind I wonder—something awkward, I'll bet a pony.

HEARTY. Ahem! you see, Wildy, I'm growing old—

WILD. Old! (*laughing.*) Ninety, sir, ninety—that's *our* age. Your father reached it, so shall I, I hope; and so will you—you've thirty years to the good yet—talk of growing old! I'm the codger, not you! you've lived only days—I've sat up at nights.

HEARTY. Eh?

WILD. Studying—studying mathematics and languages. You know what Lord Bacon says. (*repeating solemnly.*)

“The best of all ways, to lengthen our days,

“Is to steal a few hours from the night.”

HEARTY. (*imitating his tone.*) “My dear.” You may as well finish the line. (*repeating gaily.*)

“Then awake, the heavens look bright, my dear,

“It's never too late for delight, my dear.”

Ha, ha, ha! You sly rogue! you see I know *more* about *your* Lord Bacon than you suspected; but to business. Strong and hearty as I am happy to say I am at present, dear boy, I may be taken from you suddenly; so, to make all sure with regard to the baronetcy, and at the same time secure your happiness, I have determined to give you a wife.

WILD. (*astonished.*) A w—w—wife, sir?

HEARTY. Yes; it is time you should be settled; and as I should not die happy in an uncertainty regarding the succession of the family honours at your decease, I sent for you to tell you that I have a match in my eye for you that is in every way eligible. To keep you no longer in suspense, it is the daughter of our neighbour in Devonshire—Miss Thistledown.

WILD. (*in great astonishment and disgust.*) Miss Thistledown! Miss Thistledown! Oh, surely, sir, you must be joking. My greatest antipathy from boyhood—an ugly, red-haired, gawky hoyden. I would as soon think of marrying a Hottentot, or a Choctaw Indian.

HEARTY. What! do you mean to say that you will oppose the wishes of your father?

WILD. On all other points I will implicitly obey you, sir; but on this, involving as it does the happiness or misery of my life, forgive me, sir, if I respectfully but positively refuse.

HEARTY. (*in a great rage.*) What? what? what? when I tell you I insist?

WILD. Yes, sir! I cannot do so great a wrong to my feelings and principles.

HEARTY. “Feelings and principles.” Oh lord, oh lord! what an awful world. I, your father—your kind, indulgent,

affectionate father, tell you it is the last wish of my life; that I cannot die happy without seeing that wish accomplished, and you, who ought to jump mast high at the very thought of such a splendid alliance, not only in the most cold-blooded, heartless manner abuse the young lady, but refuse, (*sarcastically.*) “respectfully but positively” refuse her. Zounds! look you sir, I can put up with a great deal, but, but, the mildest nature could not endure this. Marry her you must and shall. Hold your tongue! hold your tongue! don’t presume to answer—*shall*—that’s the word. (*taking the stage in a great rage, to L.*) Shall! sha’l! shall! (*a knock and ring, L.*) There she is, come by appointment—believing you to be still the same good, obedient young man you used to be; I have arranged all the preliminaries of the match—the settlements are drawn up, the wedding dresses made, the breakfast ordered, invitations sent out; in short, next Wednesday is the wedding.

WILD. Sir! sir! sir!

HEARTY. (*violently, choking with rage.*) Hold your tongue! hold your tongue! Don’t dare to interrupt me, sir! hold your tongue! Next Wednesday, sir—next Wednesday. Join your bride in the drawing-room in ten minutes, sir—ten minutes—(*looking at his watch.*) not a second later, or—or—(*violently.*) I’ll marry again and cut you out of the succession. (*crosses to R.*) The entail, sir—the entail—I can cut off that. I can’t keep you out of the title, but the estate, sir—the estate—that I can bestow where I please—ten minutes, sir—ten minutes.

Exit, in a great rage, R.

WILD. Ten seconds will amply suffice for my determination. (*calling.*) Gaiters! Marry that hyæna—oh, no, no!

Enter GAITERS, L.

GAITERS. Call, sir?

WILD. Portmanteau—cab—Great Northern—Scotland

GAITERS Yes, sir—lightning, sir.

Exit, L.

WILD. Force me to marry a woman I detest—no, no, my peppery old dad, you are mistaken in your calculations. Sooner than marry that awful creature, I’d forfeit everything in the world. Why, she’s hideous—positively hideous—at least, she was so seven years ago, when I last saw her. How I should be laughed at by my continental friends. The man who has defied the reigning beauties of half the capitals in Europe, who might have married a duchess or a marchioness, to link himself to red hair, high cheek bones, pigs’ eyes, and everything else that’s disagreeable. No, no, I’ll go to Scotland

—a week or two's shooting in the Highlands will cool down my indignation. Well! Gaiters?

Enter GAITERS, L.

GAITERS. In, sir—things in portmanteau, and portmanteau in cab.

WILD. That's your sort. (*writes on a card.*) Knock at the drawing-room door, give my father that card, and follow me to the cab without waiting an instant.

GAITERS. (*crosses R.*) Yes, sir—lightning, sir. *Exit, R.*

WILD. And now, most amiable of "parients," I wish you a good morning.

Enter GAITERS, R.

GAITERS. All right, sir—old party following in a passion.

WILD. Quick, then, for the Highlands.

GAITERS. Yes, sir—double quick—lightning, sir.

Exeunt WILDOATES and GAITERS, L.

Enter SIR HICCORY HEARTYCHEER, R.

HEARTY. Oh, the villain! the cold-blooded scoundrel. (*calling L.*) Stop him! stop him! No, no, let him go, the ungrateful, undutiful ruffian. That poor girl! what can I say to her—she's following me! I'll run away too. *(going L.)*

Enter MISS THISTLEDOWN, R.

MISS. T. Stay, stay, Sir Hiccory, what has happened? Why are you running away? Where is your son?

HEARTY. Oh, my dear young lady, you see before you a miserable old man—a wretched parent! My son, my dear Miss Thistledown, has, just stepped out. There's a card he left me at parting. (*gives card.*)

MISS. T. (*reading.*) "Mr. Wildoates Heartycheer, Red Angus Shanty, Braemar, Scotland. Send you some grouse." What, gone without seeing me? Oh the barbarian!

HEARTY. Yes, yes, my dear Miss Thistledown, run away, decamped, left us in the lurch; would you believe it, he refuses, absolutely refuses to keep his engagement with you.

MISS. T. Oh the monster; I never even read of such cruelty. What are his objections? Surely I am not personally disagreeable to him.

HEARTY. (*aside—making a wry face.*) Eh!—no, no, he's perfectly satisfied on that point. (*aside.*) I cant tell her that he abuses her—but, you see, he has been a long time on the continent, and is full of foreign theories, he has set up in his mind a *model* wife, and—you see—you—you—are not—not, not quite—

MISS. T. The faultless being! His fervid imagination, pictures for his helpmate, flattered by the compliment.

HEARTY. No, no—it is not that; it is—it is—(*violently.*) that he's a headstrong, undutiful scoundrel! And I have made up my mind to disinherit him!

MISS. T. Nay, nay, my dear sir, don't be too severe. Recollect the perversity of the human mind, and the propensity we all have to resist control. Had you allowed your son to meet me as a stranger, and fall in love with me, which of course he would have done, in the usual way, all would have been well; but—(*patting his head.*) you silly old gentleman, you would take upon yourself all the interesting preliminaries and marry him by proxy. Oh dear, oh dear! What a little you know of human nature, to think of such a monstrosity; you might as well attempt to paint a portrait from description, or photograph a dream. No, no, love making is too serious and delicate a business to be done by *deputy*; the principals only can come to a proper understanding—*love is like lace, worthless when made by machinery.*

HEARTY. But, my dear young lady, I felt so confident that Wildoates would be overjoyed at his good fortune. Zounds! I would have staked my life upon it; oh it's all owing to the railroads and free trade. In my time young men—

MISS. T. Were made exactly of the same materials they are now. Do you think, sir, that you would not have resisted a marriage with a woman for whom you had conceived a peculiar antipathy? Would you have sacrificed all your youthful aspirations to filial duty? Would you have linked yourself to all you disliked, when (*pointedly.*) you had seen another with whom you felt you could be happy?

HEARTY. No, no; I mean, yes, yes; but, but, do you mean to say that Wildoates has formed an attachment—that he has dared to think of choosing for himself?

MISS. T. I do, sir; and what is more, I feel convinced that he will marry the party.

HEARTY. What, what, what! zounds! zounds! the undutiful, ungrateful scoundrel! from this moment we are strangers.

MISS. T. Don't be too hasty—all is as you wish; your son will disobey you, and obey you, both at the same time. He hates Miss Thistledown whom he has not seen for seven years, but loves Miss Thistledown whom he saw last autumn; do you guess the riddle?

HEARTY. No, hang me if I do.

MISS. T. Then I'll explain; when I was at Edinbro' on a visit to my aunt, I heard of Mr. Wildoates arrival there on a shooting excursion. (*archly.*) Knowing your kind intentions

towards me, and having a woman's curiosity to see the monster to whom I was to be bound for life, I borrowed the dress of my aunt's maid's sister, who was a fish girl at Newhaven, and with my basket on my head, and broad Scotch on my tongue, I threw myself in his way, and, (*vainly.*) I flatter myself, did such execution upon him in the short period of his stay in the North, that he wants but little more to make him my obedient servant for life.

HEARTY. Is it possible? Come to my arms you dear, designing, impudent, little, dev— angel. (*embracing her.*) What children we men are in affairs of the heart; the women beat us in every way. Who'd have thought, now, (*taking both her hands.*) that this simple looking little puss could have had such a glorious inspiration. Then you mean to throw yourself in his way again?

Miss T. Immediately; his visit to Red Angus Shanty, gives me the opportunity. You must come with me, sir, and be at hand to second my manœuvres; I'll make you my father for the nonce, and when we are both petticoated, and kilted in the costume of the North, it will go hard if we don't force the enemy to surrender at discretion.

HEARTY. Make me a Highlander? Put my old shanks into a kilt? No, no; I should catch my death of cold, besides the boy would know me.

Miss T. Impossible, as I will dress you; a patch over your eye, a shock wig, and a voluminous beard and whiskers, added to a profuse use of Gaelic in your conversation, will deceive even a more quick sighted individual. Will you trust to me?

HEARTY. Well, well, I will, but the Gaelic, I don't know a word. (*laughing.*) I know what garlic is, but that wont do.

Miss T. I'll teach you some gibberish to resemble it; you have only to be boisterous and energetic, as occasion may require, and between us we'll win the day. Now, say no more—go and pack up a carpet bag, and let us at once awa for bonnie Scotland, and return triumphant with our prize.

HEARTY. Well, you are an odd girl; but as it is for *all* our goods, I'll consent—ready in ten minutes. (*aside.*) Oh, these women, these women, what heads they have, and what tongues! they'd circumvent Machiavel, and persuade a lawyer to forego his fees.

Exit L.

Miss T. It is a bold scheme of mine, following a runaway lover; my pride ought to revolt at his refusal, but alas! my heart applauds him, for I fondly think the recollection of Maggy Macfarlane has in some degree led to his determination; yet, can I hope that the poor ignorant fish wife he thinks me can ever be so dear to him, that he will sacrifice his posi-

tion for her? Well, well, time will show—it is worthy the trial, at all events, and shall be made without delay Oh Cupid, Cupid, what a deal you have to answer for—In love's sweet summer our hearts are like the ripening corn, dancing with the breeze, and glowing with sunny joy.

SONG.—*Arranged by* ALFRED MELLON.*

When the yellow corn is dancing
 In the sunbeam's golden light,
 And the lark, with voice entrancing,
 Carols from his topmost height.
 Clover fields, sweet perfumes breathing,
 Kiss the wanton summer breeze,
 Rose and woodbine garlands wreathing,
 Mock the bloom on cherry trees.

Come with me,
 Poesie,
 On every hand bright gems is throwing.

Fancy's Power
 Rules the hour,
 Waking Joy, who blithly sings,
 Tra la la la la.

Dances.

When to music's dulcet measure,
 Youthful hearts enraptured beat,
 Then the dance—oh thrilling pleasure!
 Claims our light fantastic feet.
 Round in giddy circles whirling,
 Graceful waltzers fleetly hie,
 Or in sprightly polka's twirling,
 Teach the happy hours to fly.

Come with me,
 Melody,
 Like the sunbeams, gladness shedding,
 Bounding mirth
 Shakes the earth

While enraptured echo sings,
 Tra la la la la &c.

Dances and Exits, L.

* The music of the song is printed by Messrs. Addison and Co., No. 210, Regent Street, and may be had of the publisher of the play, and of all book and music sellers.

SCENE II.—*The Interior of a Highland Cottage. Door of entrance in flat, C., large open window in flat, L., discovering mountains, water, &c., R. U. E.—fireplace built out, with lighted wood on hearth.*

WILDOATES. (*calling without, R. 1 E.*) Gaiters! Gaiters! I'm quite ready. Where are the keepers?

Enter WILDOATES, R., dressed in deer stalking costume.

WILD. At my old quarters once again, and ready to take to the brae and the loch, with my gun and my rod, as soon as my mercury, Mr Gaiters has arranged with the keepers. What the deuce detains him? We ought to have been off an hour ago. (*shouts and laughter without at back, L.*) Hollo! what's the disturbance? (*going up, looking off through window, L., and laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! It's Gaiters in his highland costume keeping the urchins of the village at bay, who are slashing his legs with stinging nettles

GAITERS. (*without L. U. E.*) Oh, oh! hollo, hollo!—hoot awa with you, you young devilskins—do you think any flesh and blood can stand that? Oh, oh! be off with you, or I'll throw a dozen or two of you into the loch! (*shouts and laughter.*) Ah, ah! will you? Oh, oh!

Enter GAITERS through window in flat, L., in an eccentric highland costume, dancing with pain, and rubbing his legs

The young ragamuffins! They've given me the scarlet fever all over. I'm a walking Mount Vesuvius! Oh, sir, why did you make me wear these outlandish things? (*shivering.*) They expose me to all kinds of uncomfortableness! First, the cold, then the wind, and now stinging nettles—to say nothing of the giggling of the girls, and the haw haws of the men, who make eruel game of me. Do, sir, let me put on the other things again, or, (*shivering*) I shall die under my sufferings.

WILD. No, no, it's a compliment to the country to adopt it's costume; besides it's so light and convenient for climbing hills and fording rivers; you'll be so fond of it in a week, you'll be sorry to relinquish it.

GAITERS. What! always go—in this way? (*shivering.*) Oh dear no, sir; my legs are already getting up a revolution, to force me to restore the kerseymers. They're awfully opposed to petticoat government.

WILD. Well, well; have you arranged everything for our start?

GAITERS. Yes, sir, the keepers will be in the glen in half an hour, with the dogs; and the loch is at your service, whenever you feel inclined to wet your lines.

WILD. That's right. (*takes gun.*) Take your gun, and let's away.

GAITERS. Yes, sir; (*taking gun.*) certainly, sir. (*shivering.*) The wind on those hills will be awful; I shall come home, like the Sultan in the Arabian Nights, a semi-petrifaction. I'm ready, sir.

WILD. Stay! I suppose you know why I am here?

GAITERS. Yes, sir—of course, I made it my business to inform myself of your conversation with our respected governor.

WILD. (*angrily.*) Sir!

GAITERS. Beg pardon, sir; I mean, *I listened up*, that I might be able to grapple with the subject, in all its branches—ahem! Beg pardon, sir, but you've always told me never to neglect an opportunity of storing my mind with information. (*leans on gun with muzzle close to his face.*)

WILD. Well, sir, and pray what may be your opinion of my proceeding?

GAITERS. Why, sir, *wifeologically*, perhaps you're right—but *galologically* you may be wrong.

WILD. Really, Mr. Gaiters, you are growing too learned to be understood. What do you mean by *galologically*?

GAITERS. The art of understanding gals and choosing a sweetheart. Great changes take place in seven years. Miss Thistledown may be like our bull terrier, cruelly ugly as a pup, but a beauty when clipped and pointed, and full grown.

(*sees the muzzle of the gun close to his face, starts, alarmed, and turns it to the ground.*)

WILD. No chance of that. I know she must be hideous! Besides, I don't like to be coerced into affection.

GAITERS. No, sir, nothing takes to it kindly but spaniels and poodles. Matrimony is a *narcotic*, sir, which—

WILD. (*laughing.*) What?

GAITERS. I mean an *exotic*, which wont grow *everywhere*; it's supposed to be an *evergreen*—but, a good many of us would like it to be an *annual*.

WILD. I'm afraid, Mr. Gaiters, that foreign travel has not improved your morals!

GAITERS. On the contrary, sir—it has made me a *professor*. I left home a puppy, with my eyes shut—I've returned—

WILD. A puppy requiring spectacles. But away to the hills and the deer. (*going, c.*)

MISS THISTLEDOWN. (*calls without, L. U. E.*) *Caller hayreen!*

WILD. Eh? “Caller herring!” Strange in the highlands! I thought they had better fish in their own lakes!

GAITERS. So should I, sir; but perhaps they consider herrings in the same light that we consider kilts and legs—*foreign luxuries*—and prefer them to their native comforts.

MISS THISTLEDOWN. (*calls again.*) *Caller haygreen!*

WILD. Surely I know that voice. (*crossing and looking through window, L.—GAITERS crosses to R., shivering.*) It's tones are too charming to be forgotton; it is my pretty Edinbro' acquaintance of last autumn! (*calling.*) Here, here! herrings, herrings! Run out, Gaiters, and bring her in; quick, quick!

GAITERS. Herrings and all, sir? Lightning, sir.

Crawls off shivering, by door, and passes window, L., with his teeth chattering.

WILD. (*looking through window, L.*) What a delightful *rencontre!* Dear little creature! How strange that I should meet her just at this particular crisis. Were she not a fish girl, I verily think I might be tempted to think seriously of her. (*looking off with admiration.*) She is so exactly everything I like in a woman—young, handsome, gay, and determined. Psha! her broad Scotch, calling, and parentage! Oh, no, it's absurd to think of such an impossibility. (*crosses to L.*)

GAITERS *passes window, and enters by door.*

GAITERS. Here she is, sir—this way, miss—this way.

Enter MISS THISTLEDOWN, as a Newhaven fish girl, with a basket of fish at her back.

There's the gentleman who's fond of herrings—there's your customer, miss.

MISS T. Thank ye, for calling me—but ye'll please to remember, next time, that I'm not a miss, except o' *Soondays* and *holeedays*, when I'm in my silks and satins, and *beets* and *feethers*. My name, the *noo's*, Maggy Macfarline, or *plain* Maggy, though may be, some folks may be of *opeenion*, that I'm a *parsonal* *contradeection* to that fact. (*stares at GAITERS' legs, and laughs, he is very much ashamed, and slinks away, hiding them behind the chairs and table, and in the chimney corner; at last, he crouches down by the fire, so that his kilt touches the ground—she crosses to WILDOATES.*) *Gude* day to ye, sir. (*curtseying.*) Are ye the gentleman that's *speering* for my *haygreens*—they're fresh this morning—cast a *glint* at them, sir, and you'll say you neever saw rubies, *emeralds*, and silver, and gold, sparkle sa *boneely* as the finny jewels that dazzle ye in this wee basket.

WILD. Gaiters!

GAITERS. (*starting from the fire.*) Yes, sir—lightning, sir! (*creeps down, R., endeavouring to hide his legs by the chairs and table.*)

WILD. (*pointing to door, C.*) Get out.

GAITERS. Yes, sir—lightning, sir. (*going to door, which he holds open and hides behind, so that MISS THISTLEDOWN may not see him—aside.*) No shooting to-day—(*looking at MISS*

THISTLEDOWN.) we've herrings to fry. (*looking piteously at his legs.*) I'll try and borrow a pair of lambswools, or a flannel petticoat. *Exit, passes window shivering, and goes off, L.*

WILD. (*aside.*) Now for a surprise. Maggy, my darling, Maggy!

MISS T. Heigh! Wha's that calling my name? (*looking at WILDOATES, and pretending great astonishment and joy.*) Heigh! Why, ma certies—it's no canny! it canna be Mister Wildoates! Na, na, it's his *ghaist*.

WILD. No, no, dear Maggy, it's myself, in bone and flesh—your true and loving Wildoates.

MISS T. Oh, oh! (*lets fall the basket.*) To think noo, that I should see ye again! Oh, oh, oh! (*daucing with delight and shaking both his hands.*) Ma crifty! well awa! Wha'd a thought o' this noo? It's fine, fine, fine! If ye're for *keesing* me, laddy, seeing the *lang* time we've been parted, and *consideering* the *exteenuating* circumstances of our acquaintance, I canna find the *haert* to say you nay.

WILD. (*kissing her.*) Oh, you dear, frank-hearted darling! where's the girl would say this to me in any of the other foreign countries I have visited? No, no, dear Maggy, they'd pretend modesty, and be shocked at the impropriety; but you, you dear unsophisticated child of nature, obey the prompting of your heart and scoff at forms. And you are glad to see me again, you dear, dear lassie?

MISS T. Glad! (*archly.*) Haven't I been indiscreet *enoo* to sign and seal to it?

WILD. Oh, you Scotch angel. (*about to kiss her again.*)

MISS T. (*stopping him.*) Na, na, be *conteented* with the sign manual. (*giving her hand.*) It's prudent to economise everything. "Waste not, want not" applies to *keeses* the same as to siller.

WILD. Was there ever such a charming—oh—(*with fervour, intimating that he would like to hug her.*) wouldn't I like to be extravagant—the Prodigal son should be a miser to me. (*placing chairs.*) Come, sit down, and tell me all that has happened since we parted. (*they sit—he puts his arm round her waist.*)

MISS T. (*half removing his arm.*) I dinna think this is *streettly* prudent, but, *conseederin* you may be of a *deeferent* *opeenion* and allowing for the *exteenuating* circumstances before mentioned, I'll be *leeberal*, and gie ye the benefit o' the *doote*.

WILD. (*hugging her.*) Oh, you philosophical divinity, I'll be a sceptic for life.

MISS T. Weel, this is pure, I never thought! weel, weel, and you're looking as weel and as handsome as ever—a trifle browner and stouter—but that's for the better. I like a man

to look like a man, and no' a whippersnapper, smockfaced Miss Nancy, that hasna the courage to face the breeze nor the strength to breast the mountain—sic barleysugar Jackadandies may please the lassies o'er yonder in England, but in Scotland we're for men of bolder manufacture.

WILD. Flattered by your approbation, dear Maggy, I in my turn like a lassie to be a lassie, like you, ingenuous, warm-hearted, and free. I hate the affectation of our fine southern ladies; and if ever I marry—ahem!—but that's neither here nor there just now—and it's no good to anticipate evils. Well, dear lassie, and where have you been, and what have you done since we parted? come, I'm your father confessor, give me your history.

Miss T. Weel, I've just *conteenued* to live at Newhaven, and noo and then I've come o'er here to see my feyther, wha's a Heelander, and an auld Forty-second—that served wi' the great Dooke of Wellington in a' his wars wi' Bonyparty—he lost an ee at Waterloo, an arm at Badajos, part of his nose at Salamanca, three toes at Moscow, a rib at Sarragossa, and has been shot through and through all *paerts* of his body more times than he can remember.

WILD. Dear me! (*aside.*) A dish of Scotch mince collops. (*to her.*) What a martial curiosity!

Miss T. He is, indeed! but the worst of him is he's so irritable and peppery—especially when he's *fou*.

WILD. Foolish?

Miss T. No, no—a drap in his ee.

WILD. (*not understanding.*) A drap in his ee?

Miss T. Yes, yes—just tipsy; ye ken?

WILD. Oh, that's a drap in the ee is it? (*aside.*) What strange expressions these foreigners have.

Miss T. Do or say anything to affront him when he's that way on, and whew! he flashes up like a tar barrel; but otherwise he's a dear, kind old fellow, and loves me better than his tobacco, which is saying a good deal, for he's smoking, and chewing, and snuffing fra' morn till neet.

WILD. (*aside.*) A charming companion for a wet Sunday. How is it that these queer old codgers manage to have such pretty daughters? (*pointing to basket.*) You continue to visit Edinbro', I suppose?

Miss T. Of course; how could I get my leevings else. I've been there with my hayreens and my oysters, as before, and (*confidentially.*) I can tell ye, laddy, there's mony and mony a braw chield that's running after me.

WILD. (*a little annoyed.*) Ah, indeed?

Miss T. Young writers o' the signet—W.S.'s, as we call 'em—and may be here and there—a grand merchant, or banker, who look out for my coming into the toon, and consider my

cry of "Caller Hayreen," or "Caller oo" to be more musical and pleasant to Scottish ears than the skreeks of the fine Eyetalian singers they've got at the playhooose. (*archly.*) One of the young W.S.'s who is more than commonly sweet upon me, has set my cry to music—I'll sing it to you, just to show you that I am a musicianer, and that you're not the *only* laddy that takes an interest in me.

WILD. Yes, yes; (*forcing a laugh.*) let's have it, by all means. (*aside.*) Devil take the young puppy! (*puts back chairs.*)

SONG,*—CALLER HERRING. (2 verses.)

Miss T. There now, isn't that a pretty song? and the young laddy who wrote it for me is such a bonnie chield, and loves me sa tenderly.

WILD. Ah, indeed! (*forcing a laugh—aside.*) Confound him!

Miss T. Bless you, he's like my shadow—go where I will he's after me, looking at me with such great ees, and sighing enough to turn a windmill, though he's never yet been bold enough to say a word till me, he's sa soft and shamefaced—to tell ye a secret, he's come after me here, and lodges along wi' you in this vary hooose.

WILD. Indeed! (*aside—doubling his fist.*) I'll have a talk to him. Come after you, eh?

Miss T. Yes, poor fellow, I think he's going daft.

WILD. Daft! where's that?

Miss T. Na, na—skeevie.

WILD. Skeevie!

Miss T. Yes—mad!

WILD. Oh, skeevie's mad. (*aside.*) What a queer language.

Miss T. He buys all my basket, without baiting a bawbee, though he must know I cheat him dreadfully. (*laughing.*) Oh, it's as gude as a play to see him. As soon as he hears my cry, he rushes out of his office and catches me at the corner of the street, where I stop for him on purpose—(*archly*)—though I preteend it's by accident.

WILD. You artful little minx!

Miss T. "Caller hareen," or "caller oo," I cry, just as if he was a stranger. He looks at me with a scared, timid glance, and tries to gulp up something; but the words stick in his throat, and he blushes, and points to my basket. I say so much a-piece, or so much a dizzen as it may be; he counts them carefully,

* Music, with a portrait of Miss M. Oliver as the Fish Wife, printed by Messrs. Addison & Co., 210, Regent-street, and may be had of the Publisher of the Play, and of all book and music sellers.

looking out of the corner of his ee at me all the time, and tryin^g to gulp up something, but he cant. I all the time, looking as innocent and demure as a cat watching a moose.

WILD. "A cat watching a moose." Oh you deluding little kitten!

Miss. T. Then he puts the money into my hand; and giving my fingers a tender little squeeze; and blushing and trembling and sighing, and gulping, worse than ever, refuses the change which I always pretend to force upon him, points for me to take the fish into the hoose, and after another look, and another gulp, rins doon the street, as if I had been a bogle, and not a bonnie lassie, and had scared him out of his senses.

WILD. Infatuated spoony!

Miss. T. Oh, he's a mighty funny body, I can tell ye! He's written me dizzens, and dizzens o' letters; but ye see they are as silent to me as his tongue, for ye ken I can neither read nor write, and I'm too honorable and canny to be showing my love letters to a third *paerty*, as I did the song; for altho I am a dunce I kenned they were intended to be private and confidential; so I'll keep em to myself till I can get the learning to make em oot. They're full o' sweet things, I'm sure, for they're written on such fine soft satin paper, and smell o' roses and violets enough to knock me doon. (*putting letters under his nose.*)

WILD. (*aside.*) Confound the puppy; I should very much like to knock *him* doon. Ah! yes, yes, exactly.

Miss. T. Hey, sirs! what's come till ye, all of a sudden? Ye dont seem to be o'er well pleased—ye're no jealous, I hope.

WILD. Jealous! Oh dear no—it's nothing to *me*. You may have a dozen spoony Scotch terriers after you, if you like, it's nothing to *me*.

Miss. T. Of course not. You're quite out of the question, for you're going to be married.

WILD. Eh? what? Who told you that?

Miss. T. (*laughing.*) A little bird—the lady at Edinbro' at whose *hoose* I used to see you, told me your father was going to marry you to a great English lady. The news well nigh broke my *haert*, for I thought—but it's no for the like o' me to think of byegones; I'm glad to see ye again, and I wish ye joy. (*pointedly.*) though there's little chance for ye, for they tell me your great leddy's na beauty, and has a tongue, and a temper of her ain that would ding the deel himself daft.

WILD. Indeed! The Edinbro' lady told you that too?

Miss T. Yes, and she said besides, it was a great pity such a nice looking young man had sa little *speerit* as to *sell* himself so shamefully.

WILD. Then my dear Maggy, you may tell the Edinbro' lady, that she may reserve her pity; it is true such a marriage

has been proposed to me—but sooner than link myself to such a hideous creature, I'll fly my country, commit suicide, or—
(*looking earnestly at her.*)

MISS T. (*quickly and pointedly.*) Marry me?

WILD. Eh—why, you see, Maggy, I—that is, you—you know, you can neither read nor write, and—the difference in our positions—still, perhaps—

MISS T. I understand—good bye—the poor ignorant fish girl can never hope! (*crying, and putting on basket.*) Good bye! I was a fool to think ye had ever any thought o' me! (*sobbing and holding out her hand.*) Fareweel!

WILD. (*detaining her.*) Stay, stay, dear Maggy—I do think seriously of you—but—but—

MISS T. Dinna fash yoursel' to make excuses—ye're ashamed o' me, that's plain—but there are ithers na sa prood nor so difficult. Yon young W.S. for instance, he'd jump over the moon to marry me—I'll encourage him, (*sobbing.*) to spite and shame you for your worldliness. Ah, laddy, true love knows na difference of station, the *haert* has a world of its *ain*, o'erflowing with brighter joys than wealth and titles, though its sovereign be often in rags and tatters and the lowest of the lowly. (*going.*)

WILD. (*detaining her.*) Stay, stay—give me a short time for consideration; I'll write to my father—I'll—I'll do anything sooner than part with you—you mustn't think of that simpleton—I'll shoot him—I'll—I'll—(*looking at her with affection.*) Poor girl, she's breaking her heart! I am a cold, calculating, unfeeling scoundrel! Where shall I find a more—(*fervently.*) Maggy—Maggy, my own dear Maggy, I can't part with you. I'll set my father, the world, herrings, everything at defiance, and you shall be mine. (*embracing her.*) You shall cry your fish, and (*taking the basket from her shoulder, and putting it on his own.*) I'll carry your hamper. (*giving the fisher cry, with enthusiasm, Caller Hayreen.*)

MISS T. Shall I—shall I really? Oh, oh, the happiness is too great—Ise fainting away. (*faints in his arms, he kisses her—at this moment*)

SIR HICCORY HEARTYCHEER enters, C. from R., disguised as a Highlander, with a large beard, patch over eye, bagpipes, claymore, &c. &c.

HEARTY. (*pretending to speak Gaelic.*) Hoic—poic—coic—doic! fat is all dis? My bairn in the arms of a mon! Hoic—poic—coic. (*flourishes claymore, and jumps in the Highland fashion.*)

MISS T. Ah, my feyther, and fou! Oh, I mun rin!

(*running off, C., meets*)

GAITERS, *who enters, C., from R., disguised as an old Scotch woman.*

Ah, my mither—my mither!

(runs off C., crosses window, and exit, L.)

GAITERS. My bairn—my bairn! my old mon, my old mon, fat is all dis glainoury sklither?

HEARTY. *(pretending to speak Gaelic, describes with extravagant action having seen WILDOATES hugging and kissing MAGGY.)* Hake—make—quake—rake—shake—dwake—cake!

GAITERS. *(in a great rage, replying with more extravagant action, in pretended Gaelic.)* Make—quake—rake—shake—dwake—cake—oh, *(shaking first at WILDOATES.)* hoic—poic—quoic—doic.

HEARTY. *(furiously shaking his fist at WILDOATES over the head of GAITERS.)* Squoic—noic—loic—toic.

GAITERS. Nike—twike—wike—pike. *(they both shake their fists at WILDOATES with extravagant action and pretend to speak Gaelic.)*

WILD. I'm in an agreeable situation here. How am I to explain to these savages? Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, will you permit me to address a few words to you? *(looking at them.)* What a horrible couple—my future father and mother-in-law. No, no, the sacrifice is too great. Much as I love Maggy, I can't marry her family, and *(looking at GAITERS with disgust.)* That is Maggy's mother! You see, Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane—

HEARTY. *(crosses to C.)* Heigh! I've seen too much, sir—moic—squoic—toic.

GAITER. Oh!—dwoic—noic—coic.

WILD. I confess the situation in which you surprised me with your daughter was somewhat equivocal, but I trust when I have explained you will excuse—

HEARTY. *(violently, slightly drunk.)* Excuse! kimmer-rasser-sassanach! kiss the dochter of a Heelander! an auld forty-second, wha has fought with the great Dooke of Wellington, in a' his wars wi' Bonyparty. Look at this ee.

WILD. *(aside.)* The one with the drap in it, I suppose.

HEARTY. This arm—these twa wooden legs—this smasheated body, shot through and through with grape *(taking snuff from a tin canister.)* and canister—look—*(seizing GAITERS and roughly passing his hand over his face, and putting some snuff up his nose, which causes him to sneeze.)*—look at this respectable old woman, *(GAITERS crosses to WILDOATES and sneezes violently.)* grown stout and grey in virtue and innocence—think of Badajos, Salamanca, Moscow, Egypt, Waterloo, and blush, you catamaran—robber, blush at your temerity and presumption. *(crosses to C.)* Hoic—poic—coic—doic!

GAITERS. Wake—cake—dwake—shake!

WILD. I admit, sir, I was to blame, but—(*aside.*) Hang it, why should I be so cowardly as to back out of an engagement to which my honour is pledged. What if her parents be a little on the north side of gentility, *she* is everything I desire; and as she herself says, “true love knows no degrees of station.” Away with paltry worldliness. I’ll be a *gentleman* in the truest sense—I’ll keep my word in spite of everything. Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, I admit your right to question me, but set your hearts at rest, I’ll marry your daughter.

HEARTY. Fat! you, a great southern lord, marry a fisher girl, the dochter of an auld drunken soldier, carle, and a Meg Merrilies.

WILD. Yes, yes—Maggy’s an angel, and I’d have her—though you were twice what you are.

HEARTY. Huzza! heek — cheek — neck — deek — queek! Dance, my auld lassie, dance!

(HEARTYCHEER *plays the bagpipes and dances with GAITERS (accompanied by orchestra) an eccentric Highland fling, finishing with a reel, in which they compel WILDOATES to join.*

MISS THISTLEDOWN *enters at back, through C. door from L., elegantly dressed.*

MISS T. Hey, sirs! what’s all this—are ye going daft?

WILD. (*astonished.*) Maggy!

MISS T. Hersel’, in her Sunday claes.

HEARTY. It’s all right, my lassie, he consents to marry ye.

MISS T. Indeed! I was afraid—oh, (*taking his hands.*) dear, dear laddy.

HEARTY. (*energetically.*) Hug her, mon, hug her—(WILDOATES *hugs her with great fervour.*)—ye’re a licensed victualler the noo.

MISS T. But your feyther, dear laddy—he’ll never give his consent.

WILD. Ah, I had forgotten him; but I’ll see him and try to soften him—he’s a dear, kind old fellow, (HEARTYCHEER *expresses satisfaction—aside.*) though he’s sometimes a little obstinate and dictatorial. (HEARTYCHEER *shakes his fist at him aside.*) Still, I know he loves me, and I love him—bless his dear, honest, soft old head, I mean heart. (HEARTYCHEER *makes faces, cries, and wipes his eyes.*) And sooner than make him seriously unhappy, I’d sacrifice my life.

(HEARTYCHEER, *overcome with emotion, throws his arms round him, and hugs him. WILDOATES, astonished, pushes him away.*)

GAITERS. (*affectionately, in pretended Gaelic.*) Oh, squoic—noic—toic!

(tries to throw himself into the arms of Miss THISTLEDOWN—she pushes him off, and he falls—tableau.)

WILD. Maggy has floored her mother.

HEARTY. (recollecting himself and pretending to speak Gaelic.) Heck, neek, deek, queek! Ise a feyther myself, and I honour your filial affection. (crosses to L. C.—aside.) I very nearly let the cat out of the bag!

Miss T. Your father, I ken, prizes himsel' on the learning and manners of his family. Now, suppose your poor fish girl should *not* be ignorant? suppose she could put on with her fine claes the accomplishments of a led dy in your ain station? suppose she could speak French, Italian, and German? and play, and paint, and discourse with the learned with sense and knowledge?

WILD. What? do you mean to say—

Miss T. (throwing off her Scottish accent and manners, and speaking with archness and vivacity.) My French, Italian, and German are, to say the least, understandable. I have seen Paris, Naples, Florence, Berlin, Vienna, the Rhine and Switzerland—though not a Grisi, nor an Alboni, I can sing all the operas, from Mozart and Rossini, to Auber and Donizetti. My landscapes and animals, though never hoping to rival Cooper, Stanfield, Landseer, or Rosa Bonheur, have been thought worthy of frames; and I flatter myself my knowledge of geography, astronomy, botany, chemistry, geology, zoology, conchology, phrenology, theology, and *every other ology*, tho' not profound enough to entitle me to write after my name the dignified initials of M A. or F.R.S., is sufficient to prevent me from being considered a D,U,N,C,E., or an A,S,S.

WILD. I'm perfectly astounded! Where could you have learned all these wonders?

Miss T. (curtseying.) In Devonshire.

WILD. Devonshire! Ah! (with energy.) I begin to suspect—you were not *born* to herrings, you are not *native* to oysters, you are—

Miss T. (archly.) The ugly, red-haired, high-cheek-boned, pig-eyed, gawky, hoyden, whom you would as soon think of marrying, as a Hottentot or a Chocktaw Indian.

WILD. Oh, I'm out of my senses with joy—and your highland father and mother?

(HEARTYCHEER and GAITERS, who are standing in a comic attitude, L., look at him with affection, and exclaim:—

“Bake, dake, quake, rake, hoic, poic, squoic, noic.”)

HEARTY. (crossing to WILDOATES,) The shattered remnant of the old forty-second, (taking off his wig, beard, and patch.) is your obstinate dictatorial old father, you stupid young dog—

(*pointing to GAITERS*)—there's your mother—your mother-in-law, the Meg Merrilies is your puppy of a gentleman, Mr.—

GAITERS. (*taking off his cap.*) Gaiters, sir—forgive my presumption, but miss and your father, sir, insisted, and the weather was so cold, I was glad of anything (*pointing to his petticoats.*) to take the chill off—I was nearly a mermaid.

WILD. (*to HEARTYCHEER.*) How shall I thank you, sir, for the trouble you have taken to force me to my happiness?

HEARTY. Pooh, pooh! (*shaking hands.*) It was a pleasant frolic—and I'm repaid by its success.

GAITERS. (*aside.*) My services will be repaid in a (*looking at his legs.*) comfortable legacy.

WILD. (*crossing to MISS THISTLEDOWN.*) But what can I say to you—how can I atone for my savage slanders?

Miss T. By forgiving the *ruse* which has convinced you of your error, and never regretting—(*with the Scottish accent.*) ye're veesit to the north, and your acquaintance with Maggy Macfarline—

WILD. (*pointing to MISS THISTLEDOWN.*) THE BONNIE FISH WIFE.

FINALE.—AIR.—“Hey the Bonnie Breast Knots.”

CHORUS.

Hey the bonnie! ho the bonnie!
Hey the bonnie fish wife!
Blithe and canny,
The're no manny,
Will mak sa gude a hoosewife.

SOLO.—MISS THISTLEDOWN.

(*to AUDIENCE.*) If I've pleased my freends in
toon,
I'll bless my creel and fisher goon,
And dance wi' out my hose and shoon.
A happy little fish wife. (*imitating the cry.*)
Caller hayreen! Caller hayreen! Caller hayreen!

CHORUS.

Hey the bonnie, &c.

(GAITERS and HEARTYCHEER dance the Highland fling extravagantly, and MISS THISTLEDOWN and WILDOATES gracefully, till the curtain falls.

GAITERS.

MISS T.

WILDOATES.

HEARTYCHEER.

L.

R.

CURTAIN.

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